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"The tea. The door latch clicked in closing and the bread-knife was in the left hand of the man and his right arm raised about the shoulders of the woman.

"His breath rased her hair, and then that happened which will always happen when any ordinary man and woman whose hearts are at the same place, other and better, than themselves alone fit together and safe from the eyes of others.

"For the space of a moment heaven hung over the bread-board, then a loose plank squeaked and the woman began to lay places for six and the man cut slices of a thickness to beat the band.

"The maiden aunt made tea and small talk; and presently they seated themselves about the table with coffee and cream, also some butter and a monstrous pile of bread.

"The man's hand touched the woman's intentionally as he passed plate and platter.

"Marvel not, ye mortals of mundane flesh and blood, that the tea drinker that night was a nectar connoisseur, and that the bread was as good as heaven and water. For all that I have told is very true and has come to pass many hundreds of times, and if the world holds will come many hundreds of times more.

"At last they said good-night in the moonlight. And if there be any among you who have not counted the stars, and have not seen the moon, and have not looked against your own, I shall not strive to picture to you that pleasant parting, for no words could make it plain; and if there be those among you who have, neither will I expend energy upon useless endeavor, for you know that no words may do it justice.

"This was the sunshine. The shadow came next day with his letter.

"My own dear Polly, the Indians are up and we have been ordered against them.' Do not condemn him for breaking it so suddenly. His heart was hurting him too badly to think of finesse. It is ever so with an ordinary man; pain makes quiver of a heart, but not of a head. He is right, because he missed him and because all at once she could think of him only as of a still, white face upturned to the moon.

"She went to the machine and made a couple of



shirt-waists with tucked fronts and insertion as per order, then she read the newspaper to keep her from gazing into the garden. She did not care to talk about her sympathy, except one's self-control. But the surt in her heart grew worse as the day died, and when the time came for tea she felt as though the food was choking her beforehand.

"Her aunt brought out the knife and bread-board.

" 'Will you cut the bread, Polly, while I make the tea'

"The eyes of the woman grew warm with tears as she looked upon the bread-knife and thought of those great, clumsy slices, but she assented as a matter of course.

"Her fingers closed over the horn handle, and the haunting, upturned face left her. She saw him again beneath the hanging lamp, his eyes aglow with mixed up love and mischief.

"Ah! how good to be able to think of him once more as her dear dead boy.

"When the house was still, she carried the knife to her room and covered its handle with tears and kisses."
"Trouble not yourself with idle questionings whether the man came back from the wars or not; for when a man has won such love from a woman that she kisses his sword-handles for his sake, he has seen his Austerlitz; let him beware lest he live too long, and so look upon his Waterloo!"
"That's realism!"
"In all save one particular," commented the New York paper Man.
The Woman Who Wrote spoke hurriedly: "Now for romanticism."
"It was a wild, dark night, dark as death. The rain poured down in ceaseless torrents; the wind tore the thousand-year-old monarchs from the forest and dashed the sea into a raging mass of inky waters. I lay against it all, in the very teeth of the storm, the man held a mile away, heedless of the howl and roar, heedless of the jagged lightning that leaped from the lowering heavens."
"Deaf, blind, lost to consciousness of aught save the stinging of wounded pride and the fierce resentment of an outraged love. None save gods or devils would have against it such a sight, but he— What was best of rain and lash of wind?"
"What was this wild storm without compared to the fiercer one raging within?"
"The rage of passion that sent the blood seething through his veins and beat in his brain like hammer."
"Stride by stride he fought his way through the raging blackness that sucked and choked and strove to smother him."
"The crimson curtains with their stain fringed and sweet to the floor, shutting out the storm and the night. They could not shut out the wind, that howled and shrieked like a thousand fiends in torment, Genevieve Trevalion crouched over her fire, her great, violet eyes staring in dense terror at the flames."
"Five hours she had sat there covering under the flames of impending doom, suffering the agony of a hundred deaths."
"No torture devised by man so intense, so agonizing as that of undefined fear. She clenched her hand until the blood sprang from her tender palm and dyed her perfect nails; low moanings broke from her pallid lips."
"She would not come, he would not come, and to-morrow would be too late, too late. Oh, God; the bitterness of a luxury that defeats love."
"The man fought on, not knowing that he fought over rage and resentment a desire had come to him

more blinding than the blue flare of the lightning.

"The desire to be with her, to breathe the intoxicating perfume of her hair, to feel the wild beating of her heart on his, to crush her lips beneath kisses strong as eternity, eager as life.

"His foot sunk into deepening water and a stream of heaven's blue fire showed him the bridge—a man in a blue tunic stepped across it as further shore.

"Before him wild, wicked water, but not hell! Aways would have stopped him now. Into the raging waters beating against his destiny it, his magnificent muscles strained like whiplashes, his face blanched, his lips numb. Fighting the sea even as he had fought the storm, every effort of his being wrung in the agony of forced action.

"The door burst open. Genevieve Trevaillon sprang to her feet.

"The man stood before her.

"His grand eyes, black and passionate as the night, burned into hers. His breath came in hoarse, gasping sobs. Pallid, spent, unkempt as the storm, he stood before her as a man who had been beaten.

"Ah, how outrageous!"

"But he was wet," she protested.

"Bother! If we cannot escape prosaic details, let's have tea."

As the Woman Who Wrote arose to follow the others the Newspaper Man stopped her.

"Did you really kiss that knife's handle?"

"Why not?"

"The one I cut ham with that night."

"Why, you crank, you and I have never been anything to each other."

"Don't be too sure of that. Remember the damage I did to your mother's china. If you hadn't been as cold as an iceberg you would have been better posted on the subject. When your own heart is going like a buzz-saw you can't feel the best of another against it. See? This is realism."

It is said of a former Marquis of Townshend that when young and engaged in battle he saw a drummer killed by a cannon ball, which scattered his brains in every direction. His eyes were at once fixed on the ghastly object, which seemed to engross his thoughts, says Pearson's Weekly. A superior officer, observing him, supposed he was intimidated at the sight, and addressed him in a manner to cheer his spirits. "Oh!" said the young Marquis, with calmness, but severity, "I am not frightened. I am grieved to make out how many man with such a quantity of brains ever came to be here!"

What is said to be the finest Panama hat in Washington is worn by Senator Frye. It was sent to him by a friend, and came without a band, says the Philadelphia Times. Senator Frye sent it to his hatter and directed that a suitable band be put around it. The hatter returned word that he would not put a needle in the hat, as it was too good a hat to be punched full of holes. The hatter said the piece of headgear was worth over \$100. He placed a loose band around the hat, without thread fastenings.

them. H. S.

Bathe your feet at least twice a day, using salicylic soap. Dry the feet carefully. They must be thoroughly dry before dusting the powder on, for which I give you recipe.

FOOT POWDER.

Talc	60 grams
Subnitrate of bismuth.....	45 grams
Pernanganate of potash.....	15 grams
Salicylate of soda.....	2 grams

This powder must be sifted through fine silk bolting cloth so that it is impalpable.

and full of confidence as though they had been blessed with the brightest and keenest of eyes.

Slightest lords and ladies bowed to a blind king and queen in courtly style.

Blind fairy waved her wand over their majesties that they could see their way.

The blind King Blanderborel marched in all his terrible might across the stage with the most threatening strides and blind Jack the Giant Killer strutted gorgeously up and down with his rusty sword. It was all done with such astonishing accuracy, and never was there a mistake in word or action.

The orchestra which furnished the music was composed of fifteen blind boys, and the attendants of the king and queen numbered some twenty-eight less little ones.

So that it was a company which really crowded the narrow stage and made the excellence of the performance all the more notable. A particularly pretty scene was that in which Jack the Princess and Fairy Queen in dances which was very much like the Virginia reel.

865 Broadway, between 17th and 18th Streets

SPIRO COMPANY, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Amusements.

MANHATTAN BEACH

To-day, 1st Regt. SHANNONS 2nd Regt. BARD
at 3:30 P.M.

To-NIGHT PAIN'S ANCIENT ROME AN
AT 8 P.M. SHOW GIRLS. Mat. 1st. 1st. 1st.
8 P.M. 1st. 1st. 1st.

CHUCKLE AUDITORIUM, 2nd and 3rd Sts.
Eyes: 3:30 (G). That's all.

ALTENBORN

Young Nicola's Nat. Vocalist, Miss Alta You

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN (Am. 50c)
JAPAN BY NIGHT. 1st. 1st. 1st.

JOHN KEANE'S **GALLAGHERS** and 80 CENT
FIRE, **W. McDONOUGH, SWIFT & HUBB**,
FORD & DOT WREST, TOM MOORE, and others.

FLOATING ROOF GARDEN. Face 50c.
Every day at **GLAND REPUBLIC**, Ft. Escaped.
Center's 41st Regt. Band and Vaudeville
Lv. W. 125th at 3:30 P. M. 8:30 P. M. Battery 8PM

TERRACE GARDEN. 65th & 69th Sts.
Near Lex. Ave. 50c.
TO-NIGHT: **CHIMES OF NORMANDY**

FT. NICOLAUS GARDEN. Colburn Ave. & 69th St.
Summer Night's Band Caravels
and Vaudeville. 50c. 10c.
1000 Seats. Admission 50c

DUSSE.

KEITH'S
It may BEET SHOW IN TOWN
and 30-GREAT ACTS—30
14th at PRICES 25c, 50c and 60c

EDEN MUSEE WORLD IN WAX. New groups.
CINEMA. 9:00 P. M. 10c.
Cinema. Opera. Vocal Solos

THE DEFENDER AND SATURDAY.

CHEERY BLO-SO'VE 81 way, 66th st. Every Fr. & Sat. Ales
Hearns Main, Wash. C. KAPEROUS
Grove. A Set. In Theatre. YALDEY.

Brooklyn Amusements.

BRIGHTON BEACH. CHILDREN DAILY MATS., 10c.
Johnstone Bennett, Willis P. Sweatman, W. G.
Theatricals, The Glenside Troupe Le Tourist and the
Lamington Troupe. Slater's Ropery; Martins band.

Excursions.

MIDLAND BEACH Finest bathing on the
Coast; amusements at
Beach; seaside attractions;
theater at 7 p.m.;
opera on 9 in "Roo-
f-top" building.

us. Every evening and Saturday matinee. See
William Miller Leaves Landing July 10, 10.10
A.M. 12.35, 3.10, 6.45, 9.10 M. AU Station
Leaves further westward 100 cars to beach.

(Leaving at Halfway Beach with Tractor for
 Afters, Buckle up and Take Luck!)
 The most refreshing hour and half sail, leaving
 at 1:30 P. M. (Saturday 12:30 P. M.)
 1.35. (Natterly landing, 9:30 A. M. and 9:30
 P. M.) Leaving Rockaway, 11:30 A. M. and 11:30
 P. M.

LONG BRANCH AND BACK, 50c.
 ASBURY PARK AND BACK, 50c.

PATTEN LINE

LONG BRANCH—ASBURY PARK
 All results in the Jersey Season.
 Lv. Ft. 12:30 P. M. 7:55, 8:55, 10:55, 4 P. M.
 (Saturday 12:30 P. M. and 2:30 P. M.)
 Ar. 1:30 P. M. (Saturday 12:30 P. M.)
 Lv. 1:30 P. M. (Saturday 12:30 P. M.)
 S. SATURDAY SPECIAL 1:30 P. M. and 2:30 P. M.
 4:20 P. M.

WEST POINT, Newburg and Poughkeepsie daily
 excursions (except Sundays) by Passes for
 day line Steamers. New York and Albany
 by the "Hudson" direct. Leaving New York
 1:30 P. M. and West 12:30 P. M. and 2:30 P. M.

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 by the Poughkeepsie street car. (Saturday
 1:30 P. M. and 2:30 P. M.)